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THE DREAMERS.

They stand upon lone margins of dead seas
Beyond Life's bourne, and hear with aching minds
Unreal voices on the calling winds—
Voices that cry eternal mysteries.

They stand aloof upon gray-hooded hills,
Luring the lightning with the finger tips,
And all the vastness skirts with ghostly lips
In prophecy that numbs them while it thrills.

They move like eremites through haunts that teem
With human spawn slow-groping to the light,
And all about them is an alien night—
The circumstances and vagueness of a dream.

—Samuel Hoffenstein.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

THE UNIVERSITY CONFERENCE ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

It is noteworthy that prominent on the program prepared by the University of California for its semi-centennial anniversary were conferences on international relations, which were to deal with problems affecting all nations and lands bordering on the Pacific ocean. It was arranged for Oriental and Occidental educators and scientists to meet and consider co-operative measures which it was hoped "would tend to cement the friendly relations already existing among the nations facing the Pacific." Three days were set apart for the consideration of these international questions.

We have had it impressed on the mind during the last two weeks, while preparing the articles on "The Indebtedness of the University of California to Pioneer Ministers," that the secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society when it commissioned the first missionaries for California, were thinking deeply about the peoples across the Pacific with whom today we are in close and somewhat neighborly relations. God seemed to them, as Dr. Goodell put it years later, to be moving on Asia by way of Plymouth Rock and the Golden Gate.

All things today indicate that the grip which God has been getting on Asia for several decades is about to be tightened, and the grip on our own land also. We hail this Conference on International Relations now going on under the auspices of the University of California as a harbinger of great good. "Patriotism is not enough," said Edith Cavell in her last hours. Nationalism is to give way ere long to internationalism. In a few decades men everywhere will be saying, "The world is my country." It is in the air everywhere—a new ruling conception of the relation of man to man and of nation to nation. May this conference in Berkeley speed the glad day!

PROMOTING THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Bishop Hughes declares in an article in The California Christian Advocate that "we are having the greatest exploiting of the cigarette business that the world ever saw." He saw fifteen cigarette advertisements in a railroad car in which he traveled recently; and says further:

"When you open even your high-class magazines you

will find those same, glaring, displays. If a man lifts his voice up with reference to the matter now, immediately people say, 'This is no time for your puritanism.' The soldiers, hitherto free from the debilitating habit, are being invited into bondage. Neat bundles of cigarettes are slipped into their comfort bags. A man who has been to Europe told me that ninety-nine per cent of the boys who come from France, in the army, would come back with the cigarette habit! And when I mentioned that a few nights ago, a man who had just come back from across the water said, 'The percentage is too low.'

"You can understand just how that propaganda advances when philanthropic and semi-religious organizations become partners in the business. If Henry Ford is right, and the experiments by Edison in reference to the poison of cigarettes are correct, God help us if our young men come back from the great war with their wills loosened and made flabby by confirmed habits of cigarette smoking."

Bishop Hughes touches upon some of the other temptations of life in camp and on the battlefield, and remarks: "The United States of America never needed the gospel more than it needs it just now. . . . A pastor near Chicago tells that a man and his boy started out to walk in the evening; and, as they walked, they saw that bright evening star in the sky—lonely for a moment, shadowing with its great brilliance the minor stars. Then the little fellow looked up to his father and said, with one of those winsome ideas that often visit the minds of children. 'Daddy, God has hung out his service flag; he must have a Son in the war!' That was a wonderful thing. God pity us if we are not going to have God's Son in this war! Whether it be waged here, where we are endeavoring to have the home base kept strong, or waged abroad, God's Son must be with our young men or there is not much hope for them. We are the agents of God; and we are charged with the duty of keeping the sons of our homes in the war-comradeship of the Son of God."

HOW DEAN CHARLES R. BROWN OF YALE UNIVERSITY CAME TO WRITE A LECTURE GIVEN TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY TIMES.

The Pacific Unitarian for March quotes comment from a New Haven paper on Dean Brown's lecture, "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," given recently for the 220th time; and tells how it happened that a lecture with that subject was prepared. We quote as follows:

In the very beginning of the present century the Unitarian Club of California, under Warren Olney as president, devoted an evening to the Nineteenth Century, inviting four speakers to discourse of its achievements.

David Starr Jordan was assigned the subject of the greatest scientific discovery of the century, and he discussed Darwin's theory of evolution; Prof. Charles M. Gayley, of the University of California, was given the greatest book of the century, and he discussed Goethe's "Faust"; Fairfax H. Whelan, a business man, the greatest mechanical invention of the century, and he told of the creation of Bessemer's steel process; while to Rev. Charles R. Brown, D.D., of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, was assigned the topic of the greatest man of the nineteenth century. After searching the list of great men of all nations, he decided that to Lincoln should be given the honor.

All the addresses were noteworthy, but Dr. Brown was accorded the highest praise. It was called for everywhere and became famous. Dr. Brown is now dean of the Yale School of Religion at Yale, and on Lincoln's birthday he gave the address at a great celebration in New Haven. Dr. Brown sent Mr. Olney a report of the meeting, penciling on

the margin: "You see I am still doing it. This makes the 220th time for the address which you first called into being."

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA TO PIONEER MINISTERS.

Second Article.

In our article last week mention was made of the service rendered to the University of California by Henry Durant and Martin Kellogg, in and through the College of California, and directly in later years.

The purpose is to show in this second article how valuable that service direct to the University was, what it was, how rendered, and the estimate of it by men of high standing in educational circles.

The first professor chosen for the University was John Le Conte, who was elected to the chair of Physics on the 17th of November, 1868. The first of December in the same year Martin Kellogg was selected for the chair of Ancient Languages, and Joseph Le Conte for that of Geology, Botany, and Natural History.

It was concerning these three men that Professor Howison remarked in 1903: "How worthy a triad our three notable founders of the Faculties formed!"

"These, in the order of their appointment were the three men, genuine scholars and weighty characters, to whom was intrusted the work of planning and setting in operation the institution which it is no exaggeration to call the most important organ of the spiritual life of this State."

The new University first reached out after General McClellan for its president. He declined. In 1870 John Coit Gilman, of Yale College, was called. Failing to secure Gilman at that time, Henry Durant, the man who had headed so splendidly the Academy and College from 1853 to 1868, was secured for the presidency. He was 65 years of age at that time; and believing that a younger man was needed, he asked the regents after two years of service as president to relieve him. A second effort to secure Professor Gilman of Yale was successful. In the biography of Gilman, written by Fabian Franklin in 1910—the biography of a man who made Johns Hopkins University what it then was, one of the most far-famed of the great educational institutions—it is recorded concerning Durant: "President Gilman not only found him a warm and valued friend, but took him among the inner circle of his advisers." Professor Rising, a man identified with the University from the beginning, stated in 1903 at a memorial service for Dr. Kellogg, that Gilman also found Professor Kellogg "one of his wisest and most loyal supporters." With reference to the choice of these two in 1859 to head the College of California, Professor Rising said: "No fitter appointments were ever made by any body of trustees—Durant, the untiring, self-sacrificing missionary of education; and Kellogg, the quiet and accomplished scholar."

In the biography of Gilman the work of Durant as President of the University is summed up in brief: "His administration saw both an apparent and a real development within the University, and a spread of its influence without. It was not aggressive to attain results and it took no positive steps that might arouse direct opposition; but nevertheless it firmly held its own as against any active manifestation of hostile forces outside and of disintegrating influences within."

In that connection, and foreshadowing what President Gilman had to contend with during his three years as president, it was stated: "But along with unquestioned growth of the institution and the maintenance of proper standards, there went on a steady strengthening of antago-

nistic elements in the community and the formation of parties and cliques among faculty and regents."

After Dr. Durant retired from the presidency of the University he was unanimously elected mayor of Oakland; was re-elected in 1874 and died in office.

Some notes by President Gilman were printed in the Overland Monthly for March, 1875, which indicate that Professor Durant, before he left Massachusetts, had in mind much more than a seminary for young women—as Secretary Badger had written in 1852. President Gilman had heard Mr. Durant tell some amusing stories of the difficulties which he encountered in establishing the Academy, and had asked him to write them down so that they might be passed on to the future. Durant did not seem to think it worth while, and so one evening in January, 1873, President Gilman called on him, accompanied by a stenographer, and secured a repetition of the stories. That evening Professor Durant remarked: "I came here with college on the brain."

The stories had to do with land-squatters, getting title to property, and experiences with builders. We give only those parts of President Gilman's notes which pertain to our present aims, quoting as follows:

"The recent death of Dr. Henry Durant, late President of the University of California, has brought to mind some of the incidents in the early history of education in this State which ought not to be forgotten. They illustrate the character of one class among those who laid the foundations of society in California, and they also show what peculiar difficulties were encountered in their endeavors."

"It is the glory of New England that within the first twenty years after the settlement at Plymouth," said Dr. Gilman, "a college was begun at Cambridge which has lived with constantly increasing influence for good until our day." "It will be to the glory of California that within the first twenty years of its history as an American state, the foundations of a university were laid upon a broad and comprehensive plan, likely to endure, we hope, as long as Harvard and Yale."

Mention was then made of the plan in 1849 to found a college at San Jose, and of the coming in 1853 of Henry Durant, "who came, as he said, with 'college on the brain.'" "The one idea with which he was charged," said Gilman, "was to create if possible a college which should be to California and the Pacific states what Harvard had been to Massachusetts and the Atlantic states—a pioneer of cultivation."

"He came, he saw, he conquered. . . . He began without any funds, without any assistants, and with only three pupils. He lived to see established the University, with a property in funds and buildings worth fully a million and a half of dollars; with an income of \$100,000 or more, and with 230 scholars of the college age, taught by a staff of 26 teachers."

When Professor Durant passed into the other life in 1874 The Pacific said concerning him:

"Morally he was the soul of honor. His integrity could not be impeached. He could be trusted with any commission. He scarcely knew how one could be faithless. He was so high in principle and so grand in his uplift and integrity of nature, that no one ever thought of tempting him or of his being tempted. . . .

"The charity, the kindness, the condescension, the generosity, the benevolence of the gospel he had learned and he had practiced so beautifully as to be rarely surpassed among men.

"Socially he was one of the most approachable, affable, and kindly of men. He took an interest in every one's welfare, as well as in that of the community where he dwelt so long. His many pupils were very dear to him, and he

followed them always with sympathy and love. Nothing pleased him better than the society of intelligent men, particularly those who trod the higher walks of learning, and who were at work upon the great problems of our humanity and the universe."

In his history of the University of California, written in 1895, Professor William Cary Jones sketches Professor Durant's New England life and then remarks:

"Now at full fifty years of age, this gentle pastor in a New England village felt a throbbing in his veins to go to a distant part of the country and plant the seeds of a University. It was truly a most remarkable fact; and when we consider the simple, unostentatious character of the man, his serene and modest life, his tender, delicate habit with men, we must realize the power of the idea that controlled him. There was a beauty and spirituality about this apostle of the University that sanctifies and chastens the creation of his labors."

Interesting speculations may well arise as to how the idea of educational work on these far shores gained lodgment in the mind of this New England minister. A graduate from Yale in 1827, in the class with Horace Bushnell, N. P. Willis and Asa Turner, he had been a tutor in Yale for four years; then had studied theology at Andover, and had had a pastorate of twelve or more years at Byfield, Massachusetts.

Dr. Willey wrote in *The Pacific* in 1894: "He came on purpose to devote himself to the very work for which we were planning. He seemed to be the very man needed; and the time of his arrival providential."

In his estimate of the worth of Dr. Kellogg to the University, given at memorial services in 1903, Professor Howison said: "In setting out upon this estimate, while we credit to the full the part taken by the regents, and even more by the first two presidents of the University, Durant and Gilman, let us not fail to recognize that the real designers and inaugurators of the internal organism of the institution were John Le Conte, Martin Kellogg and Joseph Le Conte, acting in sympathetic concert."

Immediately, Professor Howison goes a step farther and says: "Martin Kellogg was the founder of the University and of its internal life in a sense in which neither of his distinguished colleagues was or could be." In this connection Professor Howison showed the relation of the University to the College of California, to which it was made evident that it owed much, and remarked that Professor Kellogg, identified with the College from the beginning, was in fact the only man in the interior body of the University who had belonged to the institution from its very origin, even from its prenatal days. "For three and forty years he was its unceasing builder and devoted servant."

It was due to Professor Kellogg first, and later to President Durant, says Professor Howison, that the great and vital principle of humane culture, essential as the organizing factor in the life of the new institution passed forward from the narrower field it held in the College into the vastly enlarged one afforded by the University.

"Fortunate was it for him, fortunate for us his successors, most fortunate for the State and its coming generations of youth, that his two eminent colleagues, John and Joseph Le Conte, though appointed to represent the sciences of Nature, were both men of genuine and disciplined love of Man. Fortunate also was he, and fortunate the University, in having for first president so accomplished a scholar in the large humanities, so penetrating a thinker of the Platonic type as Henry Durant.

"The happy and cordial co-operation of these four minds effected the first surveys, and the secure opening, of the broad roadways which we now possess to an inclusive culture, based on sound learning in letters, in science, and

in philosophy. It was this that made us a University, a body of scholars in *diversis versati in unum versi*; occupied with things diverse, but all bent on one thing—the fulness of a high human character, with all the enlightenment, all the refinement, and all the devotion, that goes to its making."

The University of California had a hard road to travel during the first two decades of its existence. Not without much tribulation has it attained.

After President Gilman's death in 1908 there were found among his papers a few pages of manuscript relating to the period when he was connected with the University. In that it was said: "The University of California is nominally administered by the regents, it is virtually administered by the legislature. The political code, which went into operation on the first of January, 1873, placed the regents in the position of a commission of the legislature, liable to be 'sponged out' in a single hour of partisan clamor." In 1872 and 1873 from various sources came determined attacks on it, and strenuous efforts to make it simply a school of industry—"a sort of low manual labor school," is the way Gilman expressed it. It was claimed that the College of Letters was favored at the expense of the technical colleges. Henry George, at that time editor of the *San Francisco Daily Post*, not being able to establish the claim that the original grants were being perverted, called for such legislative enactments as would have destroyed all departments except those of agriculture and mechanic arts. The enemies of the University were within as well as without. In 1879 the antipathy to higher education had gone so far in California that the constitutional convention of that year cut off the high schools from any share in the State school fund.

After Dr. Gilman resigned in 1875 and went to that memorable work in the upbuilding of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, the University of California had acting presidents and presidents in great numbers. Looking for another president in 1890, one of the regents wrote to President Eliot of Harvard, who replied: "It seems to me that you run another considerable risk if you take a president who has not lived in California. The tenures of the presidents of your University have been very short, and for the sake of the University it seems to me very desirable that you should now get a man who will hold the office for a respectable number of years." And President Eliot asked: "Is there not some one among the professors of the University who might be promoted to the presidency?"

About the same time President Gilman of Johns Hopkins wrote in reply to inquiries: "I doubt whether there is any one who can fill the post of president of the University of California so well as Professor Kellogg. He knows the situation thoroughly; he has learning, tact, fidelity; and the ability to make a good speech. He has excellent business habits, and he resides in Berkeley. I feel confident that his selection for this important post would never be regretted."

After the resignation of President Davis in 1890 Professor Kellogg became acting president; he was inaugurated as president on charter day, 1893—on which day Yale, his alma mater, gave him the degree of LL.D. He continued in office up to 1899. Then resigning, he spent a year abroad, but on his return entered on active work again, and was connected with the University in some capacity up to the very last of his life in 1903. When he passed into the other life President Wheeler said: "Taking all things into consideration, I believe there is no man whose service for the University can be matched against that of Dr. Kellogg."

Professor Howison's testimony at that time was, as to his term as president: "It is only the simple truth to say

that he displayed in this office administrative traits of a very high order, and brought to the University various advantages of the utmost importance—during a period grave with many impending dangers.”

One of the leading regents of the University is on record as follows concerning Dr. Kellogg:

“Though his was an excessive modesty, and though always careful not to force or obtrude his views upon others; his character was strong and his judgment sound. His counsel was always sought for and was always worth having. In speech he was direct and clear; and his grasp of all subjects discussed was thorough.

“His sincerity and his earnest desire to do justice to all were dominant qualities. In discussion, his attitude was judicial, and his judgments were marked by a deep charity toward his fellowmen. These are the qualities that won for him the respect and co-operation of the Faculty, and that prepared the way for the greater educational growth that was to come to our University.”

A graduate of Yale College in 1850, Kellogg, went first to Union Seminary for the study of theology; then he spent a year at Andover, returning to Union Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1854 as the most distinguished scholar of his class. Two little mountain towns in California had his services for a short time as pastor; and then he entered on that service, which, continuing for forty-three years, sends him on down the centuries as one of the most valuable men New England ever gave to the Pacific Coast.

Durant also was a Yale man; a member of the class of 1827; he was a tutor afterward there for four years, and then studied theology at Andover.

What the coming of these two men to California has meant to the State educationally was indicated by President Wheeler at the semi-centennial exercises this week when he stated that the College of California owed its foundation and early development mostly to Yale, though the University was shaped on that type embodied in the University of Michigan—adding in that connection: “The existence of the College of California as a nucleus of the University aided from the beginning in the establishment on a clear footing the humanistic discipline.”

In an address given at the time of his inauguration as president Dr. Kellogg remarked:

“Our stalwart sons shall become athletes if they will, and we will applaud them. Our fair daughters shall be encouraged to excel in womanly strength and grace. But in the old dictum, *mens sana in corpore sano*, which is of prime concern, the container or the contained, the subject body or the regnant soul?” And he asked: “Shall it not be laid down as an axiom that we cannot be satisfied with less than the best in science, in literature, in art, in every ennobling discipline of the mind?” And then said President Kellogg: “Great minds were trained for greatness before the second half of the nineteenth century. The subjects taught in former generations are not all effete; we cannot afford to despise the knowledge and the literature of former ages. . . . What our University must do, therefore, is to gather up the treasures of the past and add to them the fast accumulating treasures of the present. It must sacredly guard the spirit and refinement and subtlety of the old-time scholars and accept heartily the best ideas of the modern scholarship. It must emphasize the wide and rapidly-growing subjects of scientific investigation. It must be at once conservative and progressive, jealous of any loss, eager for every true acquisition.”

It was for this humanistic discipline, of which President Wheeler spoke at the opening anniversary services on Monday of this week, that Martin Kellogg stood all those

forty-three years of his connection with College and University.

All in all, it can be said: For what it is today, the University of California is indebted in the main to a few men—but to none is it more indebted than to those who came at an early day from New England with the idea of laying here such religious and educational foundations as the Pilgrims and Puritans had laid at once on Atlantic shores.

INTERESTING MATTER CONCERNING DR. GLADDEN.

An article in The Christian Register of Boston, March 7th, furnishes interesting matter concerning Dr. Washington Gladden.

Mr. J. F. Meyer, of Columbus, Ohio, tells of making inquiry of Dr. Gladden as to his condition, and of receiving the reply: “I am still here! I am holding the fort, but I do not feel very pugnacious. Mr. Meyer writes: , ,

“But some of us think that he is doing more than ‘holding the fort.’ He occasionally makes a sortie against the forces of unrighteousness and error and deals them a telling blow. His pen is still active, for with exemplary patience and determination he has taught himself to write with his left hand. Almost every week sees a communication from him in the calendar of his church, and an occasional contribution from his pen on some timely topic still finds its way into the columns of the Ohio State Journal.

“Dr. Gladden is an avid reader. He shows great fondness for books that have a real human interest, especially such as deal with the lives and experiences of other of other prophets of the ideal and seekers after truth. ‘The Life of Edward Everett Hale’ he has just read with great delight, and he has ordered the new ‘Life of Stopford Brooke,’ by L. P. Jacks. He feels under a special obligation to Stopford Brooke, for, according to his own statement, it was the publication of the ‘Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson,’ by Stopford Brooke, which exercised a decisive influence on his own life and on the development of his theological thought. Robertson’s grave was the one spot which Dr. Gladden wished to see most of all upon his first visit to England. The great Brighton preachers’ sublime scorn for those who would ‘tell lies for the glory of God’ is also shared by Dr. Gladden. He is especially insistent that ministers should tell the truth about the Bible; that it is not only their duty to do so, but that it is perfectly safe, and that church and religion would not be losers but only gainers by such candor and truthfulness.”

“Dr. Gladden was eighty-two years old February 11. The annual reception to his parishioners and friends on his birthday, customary for years, had to be omitted. After the first of these receptions which the writer attended, he said to Dr. Patten (then Dr. Gladden’s colleague), referring to the presence of a certain lawyer who professes materialistic and atheistic principles: ‘How is it that Mr. X. belongs to your church?’ ‘He doesn’t,’ was the reply. ‘But I saw him at Dr. Gladden’s reception.’ Smiling at the innocence of a tenderfoot in Columbus, Dr. Patton replied: ‘Ah! you see, everybody goes to Dr. Gladden’s reception, but on Sunday morning we are more particular.’

“The words ‘everybody goes to Dr. Gladden’s reception,’ may not have been literally true, but one could meet there the representatives of the most diverse types of religious thought, from Roman Catholic priests to prominent members of the Rationalist Club of Columbus. This is an indication of the broad human sympathies of the man. Indeed, Roman Catholics have special cause for friendly feeling toward Dr. Gladden, for he has been a consistent foe of all forms of bigotry and intolerance, even when these have

taken an anti-Catholic turn. This has been recognized by Catholics. Dr. Gladden is the only Protestant clergyman in America, so far as the writer is aware, who has received an honorary degree from a Catholic university."

Mr. Meyer tells of an interesting series of addresses which Dr. Gladden gave late last year, and quotes thus from the one on "Religion After the War":

"The war itself is an overpowering demonstration of the truth that religion before the war was a radical and deadly failure. If the religion before the war in all the countries had been real religion—if it had been the religion of Jesus Christ—there would have been no war. Not one in ten of the members of your churches has any conception of the meaning of the law of love in the universe or of its sanctions. Why have you left them in ignorance about it all these centuries? Why have you permitted them ignorantly to bring down upon their heads such retributions?"

It is stated that Dr. Gladden considers "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey, as much the best of all the books which he has read from the men in the trenches. The article tells of some of the activities of Dr. Gladden in the few months before he had the stroke of paralysis, and concludes:

"Columbus is very proud of her grand old man, as proud as Boston was of Dr. Hale. He is our foremost citizen, the dean of our clergy, the Nestor among our ministers. He has helped put Columbus on the map. Many people who might otherwise never have heard of Columbus, now know it through its association with his name. It is better to make your place shine than to have your place make you shine," says a proverb. Dr. Gladden is one who has made his place shine. His physicians report an improvement in his physical condition. We all hope ardently that he may recover sufficiently to be of still further service to God's kingdom on earth. We need him sorely."

A POEM FOR THE HOUR.

The world war has brought forth considerable good poetry. The following by Scudder Middleton, which we quote from Braithwaites Anthology, is timely:

We need you now, strong guardians of our hearts
Now, when a darkness lies on sea and land,
When we of weakening faith forget our parts
And bow before the falling of the sand.
Be with us now or we betray our trust
And say, "There is no wisdom but in death"—
Remembering lovely eyes now closed in dust—
"There is no beauty that outlasts the breath."
For we are growing blind and cannot see,
Beyond the clouds that stand like prison bars;
The changeless regions of our empery,
Where once we moved in friendship with the stars.
O children of the light, now in our grief
Give us again the solace of belief.

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHURCH THAT MINISTERS ONLY TO PROSPEROUS PEOPLE!

"Something is wrong with any church that ministers largely to prosperous people" says the Churchman, an Episcopal Church publication.

"Its religious life cannot be healthy. Its gospel is likely to be partial and one-sided; its helpfulness to its own people scant. Protestantism presents to the world to-day as a lamentable perversion of Christianity a segregation of worshipers into classes. This condition does not obtain in the Roman Church. The Greek Church, nourished un-

der autocratic governments, has not produced this hybrid. We see it in Protestant England and America developed to an unwholesome and dangerous degree. A church which has so succumbed to its environment as to seem to minister to people by classes is a negligible factor in a Christian community. A church that is not democratic is not Christian. No matter how conscientiously the rector tries to preach the whole gospel of Christ, a glance at the congregation shows that the content of his message has been annulled by his environment. You cannot preach effectively the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God in a church that has so reacted upon its surroundings as finally to gather within its doors only one class of society."

A STATEMENT OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE AND BELIEF.

By Samuel Nagata.

(Mr. Nagata was ordained as a minister of the gospel at the meeting of the Bay Association, in Oakland, on March 5, 1918. This article was read by him at that meeting, and the vote was heartily and unanimously for ordination. It is his intention to go to Hawaii soon after graduation from the Pacific School of Religion next month, for work there for a time among his people. Later he will go to Japan and will enter there on his permanent life work. Knowing Mr. Nagata as we do we anticipate for him a life of fine service; much usefulness, and wide influence as the years go on.—Editor.)

By God's providence, I was born in Okinawa province, Japan, August 22, 1890. As Samuel, the prophet, was of common, ordinary country folks, so am I. Neither my parents nor my grandparents were in sacred services, but as Hanna and Elkanah were God-fearing people, so were my father and mother. Although they were not Christians, they were very pious, and the home was filled with a religious atmosphere. When I was three years old, as my health was not strong, they took me to a Buddhist temple and left me in the hands of the priest for his blessings that I might have good health and that my life might be useful to society. After that time until I left my home, I spent a part of my days every year in the temple.

When I was about nine or ten years of age, I heard for the first time of America, and two or three years later, I heard the stories of Franklin, Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt. The lives of these men were a great inspiration to me. It stirred in me a desire to come over to this land of democracy and make my fortune. At that time, I said to myself, "that is the land where every man is given the same opportunities. Even a country lad may become the president by his efforts. Washington and Lincoln! Well, I will go there and become one of them." This was my dream as a lad of twelve or thirteen, and it never ceased until a part of the dream became real and I decided to devote my life to Christian service.

Having such a desire in my mind, I finished my common education, and asked my parents to send me to America. At first they did not hearken to my plea, but finally because of my firm and persistent plea, they consented, and on February, 12, 1907, I took my first walk in San Francisco. As soon as I became settled, I began to study English in the public school. After three month's stay in the city, however, I left there on account of my financial circumstances and went to Fresno. I can never forget this throughout my life, for it was there that I accepted Jesus as my personal Savior and found a new life in Him. On the 5th of Jan. 1908, I was baptized by the Rev. J. K. Fukushima in the Japanese Congregational Church of

the city. Having joined the Church, I resumed my study in the public school there, but finding a dissatisfaction, I went to Southern California and entered Whittier College.

Whittier is very dear to me. All the impressions which I received there will remain always with me. She is my Alma Mater, but my affection for her is not only because I finished my liberal education there, but because there is the place where I decided to give my life for the service of the Master. In my second year of my life in this institution, I determined to be a Christian minister. Until that time I had intended to be a politician or an educator, but I changed my purpose and decided to be an evangelist of the saving grace of Jesus Christ. This decision came to me gradually. It was largely due to His grace to me. The joy, peace, gratitude, hope and power which the Master bestowed upon me made me a transmitter of these gifts to others. When I experienced this newness of life in Him, I could not help but be a channel through which others might have the same life. My decision was also due to the inspiration which I received from the Bible study, church services, the influence of the College president and from the College Y. M. C. A.

About this time, there was a Japanese Friend Mission at Whittier, and it was in need of one who could take charge of the mission. I accepted the offering and helped the Mission until a little before I left there. While I was in the Mission, I taught the Bible every Sunday, preached twice a month, kept on preaching in the neighboring camps and opened night school to teach English and the Bible. I helped the Mission for three years and during these years twelve men became Christians. Also during that time I joined the American Student Volunteers and helped country churches with other members.

In 1915 I graduated from the College and immediately after I engaged in a Mission work at Covina. It was for the Japanese in that community. It was a union work under the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Christian Churches. There was no church building, neither a reliable source for financial support, but I undertook the work with the committees from the said churches. I surveyed the community, visited homes and camps, rented a house and began the night school. I taught English to the workers, opened Saturday afternoon school for ladies to teach English, sewing, cooking and the Bible. Then I started a Sunday School for the children and had Gospel meetings in homes and camps. Meantime I kept up my theological studies in the theological department of the University of Southern California, yet I did not stay there long. After a year's service, I left there. The result of the work was that six adults and four children were baptized and joined the church, and five have become inquirers of the Word.

My leaving the place was due to my convictions of the necessity of thorough preparation for the Christian ministry. Hence, I decided to enter a seminary and came to the Pacific School of Religion for study. I am a student of the school now and shall graduate this coming May.

This is a brief sketch of my life and Christian experience. Now let me turn to the other side and make a statement of my confession of faith.

I believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of the World. He is the Incarnate Word, God in the flesh. His life is the very life of God to us. It was the life which God would want His children to have. His words are the expression of God's thoughts and feelings toward His children. He is the revealer of the mind of God. He showed the love of God and the way unto Him. Before Him, God had shown His will more or less through the Hindoo sages, the Chinese wise men, the Persian magi,

the Greek thinkers and the Hebrew prophets, but it was to be completed by a still fuller revelation of His. Therefore, when the due time came, He sent His only begotten Son, even Jesus Christ, for the fuller manifestation of His truth for the glory of His own and His creatures. Of a truth, Jesus Christ is the Light, the Truth, the Way and the Revelation.

His ultimate purpose was to redeem humanity. It was to save men and give them the life, yea, the life more abundant. He was to bring men into consciousness of filial relationship with the Heavenly Father and to create a new human society where love permeated. This new commonwealth is the so-called Kingdom of God. It is the Kingdom where the will of God is realized. The citizens of the Kingdom are those who have been born anew in Christ and have experienced the newness of life in Him. They are men and women who have the Christlike character. Such a life is the grace of God through Jesus Christ. Through His life, teaching, death, resurrection and mystical union with human souls, He convicts men of sin, shows the way into the life eternal, gives them hope, joy, peace and power, and thus He saves men. Indeed, He is the Savior of the World, the Creator of the Society of Human Brotherhood.

I believe in God, the Father, who was manifested in Christ. He is the one in whom we live, and move and have our being. He is the creator and sustainer of the universe. His nature is love. Because of His love, He created the universe, and because of it He sent His only Begotten Son to create a new race in Him. Through the days of light and darkness, peace and war, He has been ever working towards this end. At the present, people are very skeptical about this matter on account of the war. They see God as a lord of war, not as the loving Father. Indeed, it is a pity, but still He is working in a mysterious way toward the goal of His purpose even in the midst of these dark days. When the time comes, sooner or later, He will bring all races into one family in Jesus Christ. He will do it because He is love.

I believe in the Holy Spirit who proceedeth from the Father and His Christ. He is the revealer, convicter, comforter, and power. He dwells in the regenerated souls and reveals the truth which the natural man cannot receive nor understand. It gives them joy, power and hope, and guides them into the life eternal. Also, it gives them power that they might stand firmly for their faith and have the victorious life in this world. Thus it enables them to love God, to fight the good fight, finish their life's mission and receive the crown of victory.

I believe in the Bible as the record of God's revelation. It is the Book for the holy life. It has been preserved by Providence for His creatures. God teaches His children through this book to guide them to the life which they should live as His children. This book reveals God, gives us wisdom, hope, comfort and power, and leads us into fellowship with God.

I believe in the Church, the congregation of the regenerated followers of Jesus. It is for worship, fellowship, Christian instruction and propagation of the Gospel. It is not an end in itself. Rather it is a means for the realization of God's Kingdom on the earth. Being composed of those who have experienced a new life in Jesus Christ, it is for them to commune with God, to teach the Christian truth and to co-operate for the spreading of the Gospel.

I believe in the life everlasting. Our life does not end with physical death. We live forever. The personality which we develop in the present world cannot be destroyed by the change from this visible world into the world invisible. When we cross the bar, our souls shall see the Life's

Pilot face to face and shall be with Him eternally in the unseen, endless world.

This is a brief statement of my confession of faith. Now then, what am I going to do? When I go into the field, I will do the following four things.

In the first place I will seek to manifest the love of God and the redeeming power of Christ through my life. I know I am not perfect, yet I know the transforming power of Jesus Christ. He changed my purpose and ideals. He gave me joy, peace, hope and power. Therefore, what He has done for me, will I declare unto the world.

In the second place I will do my best to bring men unto Christ by preaching and teaching the Word of Life. I know my knowledge of the Scriptures is still limited and there are passages which I cannot explain clearly, but so far as I am able to interpret, I will do my best to teach them to others in the light which is given me, so that the weak may be strengthened, the sorrowful comforted, the brokenhearted encouraged, the dismayed given hope, and the sinner shown the way to return unto the Father.

Thirdly, I will do my part in Christianizing the social order. Jesus came to the earth to establish a new, brotherly, human society, made up of regenerated persons. Jesus began the movement, but it has not reached the goal yet. It is still in its process. Its realization will come when all the affairs of human relationship are solved by the principles of Jesus. I desire to do all in my power to arouse and inspire my fellow-men by setting before them the ideals of Jesus, and by leading them to organize for united action in the name of Christ.

Finally, I shall do my part towards bringing a better understanding between America and the Orient. It has been my ardent desire for many years to be one of those who would keep the bridge between the American civilization and the Oriental thought, so when I go forth I will do my best to interpret America's best side to Japan and Japan's best to America.

This is a sketch of my life, Christian experience, confession of faith and my purposes. When I am ordained and recognized as a fellow worker of the Gospel among His faithful ministers, I will do my best for the completion of my purpose. It is hard, indeed, but by His grace and help I will do it.

A SERVICE FLAG SERVICE ADDRESS.

Some Suggestive War Time Thoughts by the Pastor of the Congregational Church at Sonoma.

Sunday, March 10, a service in honor of the boys who have gone out from Sonoma, was held in the Congregational Church; a beautiful service flag was dedicated—each one of the twenty-three stars in blue representing one of the boys who in some way had had religious training in the Sonoma church. The Rev. Isaac Cookman spoke at that time as follows:

The church has thought it wise and proper to come together at this time and acknowledge the debt that we owe to the boys that have responded to the call of our nation in defense of a principle that underlies our civilization.

From the discovery of America to the present time, it has been the home of the oppressed, and many of our citizens have the blood of the nations now at war, flowing in their veins, and all of us alike have descended from the emigrant. We have been thrown into the melting pot like mineral rock coming from all parts of the country and put together and placed in the fiery furnace, which has brought out the values separated from the dross. So the different ideas that the immigrant brought with him to his new country and

incorporated into our civilization, has given to us a distinct and separate government from all other nations. It has given us a freedom and an opportunity to advance physically, intellectually and spiritually. Physically, because many have advanced from the position of a servant across the sea to that of a land owner or business man, after coming to this country. Intellectually, because no government in the world today gives such a liberal allowance for the education of her boys and girls, as the United States. California gives \$8.00 per capita. Illinois each year pays out approximately \$30.00 for her children in the common schools. Here the poor boys and girls can stand beside the rich and be in the same class and there is no dishonor to either one.

Religiously we are free from the ecclesiastical yoke of a state church that compels us to subscribe to a thing that we do not believe, and yet we must give of our substance to support it. These are some of the things that have attracted our ancestors to leave their native land in order that they might share the blessings of a free country and we are safe in saying the greater majority are satisfied. The proof of this is that so few return to their native country.

It is this wide distinction between the government, that we are living under and that of the governments of the older countries, and it is this difference that we value to the extent, that all over this land, parents have placed their sons and daughters on the altar as the price they are willing to pay to maintain our form of government. More than a million and a half American men and boys have rallied to the colors. When the next draft is completed the numbers will far exceed two million. They are our very best—the hope of the nation and the joy of their homes. They have left behind them not less than ten million anxious loved ones—parents, wives, children, brothers, sisters and sweethearts. These sit sorrowful and solicitous and often in prayer, around them is a wide circle of distant relatives and friends.

Beyond them are the millions of citizens in whose name the soldiers and sailors go out to fight and for whose sake they are ready to die, and as we look further and see the forty million men under arms, it seems that life has become too much of a luxury and too selfish, because the sacrificial spirit too often lacks the sympathy and recognition of the greatest possible gift our country can offer—our young manhood. Many a true Christian is bewildered and stupefied at the terrible conflict and the suffering and awful sacrifice of human lives, and is seriously and reverently asking the question: Does God rule on the earth. If he does why does he permit this great affliction to come upon us?

First: This war is the result of sin and cannot be charged to Christianity, although millions of Christians have been drawn into it, and God permits a thing even though he does not sanction it. Permission without sanction, we find in the eighth chapter of first Samuel.

Israel demanded a king. Up to that time the people had lived under a Theocratic form of government, recognizing God as their ruler.

God permitted it, but was it best for Israel. The succeeding history of the people proves that it was not. Notice the last of the chapter: "And the Lord said to Samuel, hearken unto their voice and give them a king," but this was not until after God thought his servant Samuel had told them of the great burden that would come upon them.

Another case: Baalam, who was a prophet of the Midianites at the time of Israel's exodus from Egypt, Balack, king of the Moabites, who wished to destroy Israel, sent for Baalam to come and curse Israel. Baalam, the prophet

requested that the messengers remain over night to give him time to enquire of the Lord. Notice the Lord's answer: God said unto Baalam, "Thou shalt not go with them. Thou shalt not curse the people of Israel, for they are blessed." That committee returned home and made their report to the king and he sent a second committee and we are told, a more honorable company. Baalam received them as he did the first and made a second inquiry of the Lord. Notice the answer: And God came unto Baalam at night and said unto him. "If the men come to call thee, rise up and go with them. Had God changed his mind? No. But a desire had entered into the heart of Balaam to obtain the prize money and honor that was offered him by King Balack and the only way to eradicate that desire from the heart of Balaam was to give him his way. His experience and sorrow would show him his sorrow would show him his mistake.

Permission without sanction, we read in Matthew the 19th Chapter The Pharisees asked a question of Christ: Why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement and to put her away? Jesus answered: He said unto them, "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives." God did not order it but suffered it, for it was better than the former way.

I do not believe God ordered this war, but that the nations were drifting away from God and were becoming so materialistic in their thoughts and life, that the awful scourge of war has come upon us that will cause the whole world to stop long enough to re-estimate life and put a new value upon man. I hope to live long enough to see a new conception of the word ownership. I hope many of us may live to see the day when directors of great corporations shall place first in all their plans, human character, and place it above the dollar, and that the welfare of human beings which he created of first consideration, and the first question at the stockholders' meeting will not be how much money to be divided but what has our company done for the advancement of our employes, physically, morally and intellectually?

Before that day there must be a new public conscience created. The seed has been sown and is being sown. This war is hastening on its developments, and a brighter day than the world has ever seen is at hand when a broader and truer spirit of the brotherhood of man, shall prevail in the earth—when Christ the Prince of Peace shall be enthroned in the hearts and minds of men and women in every walk of life. When His banner, which is love, shall be unfurled to the breeze, above every banner of the world. That day is yet in the future. It will come and your sons who have gone out as our representatives, to give their lives if need be, are worthy of all honor and as we come to unveil the hidden flag, representing as it does, these young men, the flower of our community, it is with reverence and acknowledgement of the debt that we owe them and with sacred memory which makes us one family in a great cause.

We do not know where all these boys are at the present time. Some are in the trenches in France, some are on the high seas and some are in the home land, but wherever they may be, the earnest prayers of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and people of this Church and community, go to the mercy seat, in supplication for their safety and ultimate return to those who love them.

"If we look for people's virtues
And the faults refuse to see,
What a pleasant, cheerful,
Happy place, this world would be."

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, PRIMATE OF ENGLAND, SAYS ORGANIZED CHRISTIANITY MUST SHOW A NEW SPIRIT IF IT IS TO MEET SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

The most Reverend Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, is visiting in this country. In a recent interview, given in the New York Times, he remarked that the first thing needing to be done was the conquering of the Germans. Next: "We must conquer ourselves." The Archbishop continued:

"The Labor Party, which is developing with growing success the unification of the efforts of workers with the brain and with the hand, is working toward the condition when the industries will be controlled by the workers themselves, and this is only part of the great changes in the social and industrial scheme in Britain which are sure to come. It is quite safe to say that all our older families, all the landed aristocracy, are quite conscious of the fact that things can never be again as they were before the war; and they are most willing to face the changes that must come.

"So far as I have been able to observe, there is this great difference in the effect which the war has had so far on public opinion in England and the United States: We all feel in England that the war has compelled us to reconsider in a very wide and deep way the whole character of our social system. The thought of social reconstruction is only less constantly in the minds of the people than the immediate progress of the war itself. We all feel that the war came to us at a time when we were all becoming conscious that our social system was revealing very deep defects, and our great trust is that the spirit of common fellowship which the war has called out may be transmuted after the war into an impulse toward wider social reconstruction, carried through in the same spirit of common fellowship and sacrifice.

"Certainly our soldiers at the front feel this. They seem to respond readily and with enthusiasm to the prospect that they will return home to take a place in the building up of a new and better social system. Indeed, this is coming to fill a larger place in the consciousness of most people than the appeals for solidness and enthusiasm in the war. The ready response to these latter we take for granted, as is our national way; the forefront of our minds is full of thoughts of what is to be done at home after the war is won.

"I do not seem to observe this so much in the United States, so far as I have been able to learn of conditions here. It is very natural that your immense material resources should operate to insure high wages and ample employment. But I should not be surprised if in the course of a generation or so the people of the United States may be confronted by the same economic problems which now face us in England. Our eyes are directed not only to the prospect, but also to the hope of a better social system which shall result from the continuing moral influence of united effort in the war.

"The main impulse for this reshaping of our society will come from the great labor organizations, but nothing is more striking than the way in which the employers frankly recognize that they must be prepared to look at the new situation in a new spirit. The first definite proposal for economic reconstruction with the authority of the Government was the setting up of joint industrial councils for all the great industries, in which representatives of the workmen will meet representatives of the employers on equal terms for the settlement of all matters connected with the conduct of the industry. This plan so far has been carried out with real good-will by the best of the employers and the best of the leaders of labor.

"The Labor Party's manifesto naturally and rightly points out the full demands of labor in a reasonable way, and represents the tendency toward which the movement will be directed. But beyond question there are in the full program many features which could not be carried out at once without dislocating industry. The real problem, however, is that employers must recognize the necessity of giving to the workmen a larger share of the product of the industry and a greater share of control of the management of the industry.

"On the other hand, the employers feel, and the best of the workmen feel, that this must be balanced by a greater output of productive energy on the part of the workers. So far as I can judge, the output per man seems to be greater in most industries in America than it is in England. We have been hampered by trade union regulations which have been made—in all good faith, to be sure—in the attempt to obtain a high average wage, but which the best workmen feel to be based on an imperfect knowledge of the facts of economics. So the alteration of these regulations is also a part of the problem; there must be a larger share for labor both in the reward and in the management of industry, and there must be larger productivity.

'State socialism has been very much discredited in the Labor Party, but a very large group feels that there must be a greater control, and ultimately full control, of each industry by the workers in that industry; an increasing share of control by the workers with brain and hand. And that this movement is sure to go far is recognized by those who in the past have been the governing classes. It remains to be seen how far this increasing democratization of industry and these alterations in our national life will be directed and influenced by the traditions and the spirit of those who in the past have controlled the affairs of the nation.

"One of the greatest tragedies of the war has been the great loss of the young men of the old families, the old governing class—men who embodied our greatest promise, who were inspired by our highest ideals of national service, were among the first to be killed. But the tradition they have left, the example they have given, will remain and will have profound effect in the public schools and universities which gave them to the nation. And not there alone. There has been a spirit of delightful and trustful comradeship of all classes in the war. It has brought all social groups together as nothing else could have done. * * * *

"Everything depends on whether the moral impulse to unity and sacrifice for the common good which the war has given endures after the present occasion is gone; and I feel most strongly that to be really enduring the moral impulse must have a spiritual foundation. The Church will have a greater opportunity than ever before of presenting the spirit and ideals of Christianity as the surest hope of social reconstruction. Time will show if the Church itself has sufficient spiritual power to rise to the demands of the time. Organized Christianity must show a new spirit, that of going to meet the spiritual needs of which I think all classes are conscious."

MEN SENT ABROAD RECENTLY BY NATIONAL WAR WORK COUNCIL OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The National War Work Council of the Young Men's Christian Association has sent a large number of workers to France and Italy. A recent news bulletin gives some sketches. We present here some relating to Pacific Coast men who sailed recently,

California.

The Rev. Murray Bartlett, Pasadena, California, was rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y. He was the organizer and president of the American University in the Philippines and dean of the Cathedral in Manila. He was graduated from Riverside Military Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., from Harvard University, and from the General Theological Seminary, New York City.

Thomas L. Clay, 425 1/2 S Olive Street, Los Angeles, Cal., was an Association secretary there. He has been a contractor, a farmer and a newspaper man. Mr. Clay was graduated from the University of Southern California, Los Angeles, in 1910. He drives a car.

The Rev. Alexander C. Patterson, pastor of the North Congregational Church, Berkeley, Cal., has been Moderator of the Northern California Conference, and of the Bay Association of Congregational Churches, president of the California Home Mission Society, president of the Berkeley Church Federation and secretary of the Board of Trustees of Pacific Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1897. He has been a correspondent on The Congregationalist.

The Rev. William Leroy Stidger was pastor of the Methodist Church, San Jose, Cal. He was graduated from Brown University, Providence, R. I. He is an athlete and coaches baseball and football.

George C. Wilson, San Jose, Cal., has spent twenty years in Association work, and for the past eight years has been general secretary at San Jose. He is a graduate of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., 1897.

Oregon.

The Rev. George Lyman Clark, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, La Grande, Oregon, has been Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Wash. He was graduated from The James Milliken University, Decatur, Ill., 1902, and from Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., 1906.

The Rev. James Elvin, pastor of the Congregational Church, Salem, Oregon, was vice-president of the Salem Ministerial Union, assistant moderator of the State Association of Congregational Churches, chairman of the Food Conservation committee, and chairman of the Citizens' Committee for Relief Work. He was graduated from Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., 1902, and did post-graduate work at Yale and at the Boston University School of Theology. He speaks French and Spanish, and operates a moving picture machine.

The Rev. Frank Maples, pastor of the Congregational Church, The Dalles, Oregon, has been in the ministry for eleven years and was formerly on the stage for ten years. He played in London for seven seasons, and with Richard Mansfield in the United States for three seasons. His brother is Staff Major in the English Army. Mr. Maples is disqualified for army service because of physical disability. He speaks French, is an athlete, and operates a moving picture machine.

George J. Watson, Salem, Oregon, was secretary and attorney to the Salem Abstract Company, for seven years. He was graduated from the New York Law School in 1909, and was admitted to the New York and Oregon bars. Mr. Watson is a director of the Salem Y. M. C. A. Washington.

Clarence F. Jones, Walla Walla, Washington, was general agent for the Western Union Life Insurance Company and was formerly deputy county auditor.

Nevada.

there and was formerly in the mining business. During

the Red Cross campaign he was chairman of the committee for his community.

VISION FOR SERVICE.

(Consecration.)

"What wilt thou have me do?"
—Prone in the dust I lie;
Bewildered, blind.
My life has hindered much;
Stubborn of heart was I;
Hard set in mind.

Ashamed! The Vision glows,
Sight of all else has failed.
Now willing, I
Thy voice await; and Lord
Would I the wrong might mend
And serving die.

Not worthy, Jesus! Yet,
What wilt thou I should do?
Lord, Now I heed.

A voice says, "Follow me."
Give I to thee, my Lord,
Life's love and deed.

Where'er the Vision leads,
Jesus, thy face I see,
Thy voice I hear.
The heav'nly light shows—not
Dangers the way may bring—
But Thee, so near.

I see thy face, dear Lord,
Throng'd by the crowds of old;
That face I see
In garden dark, so worn,
Tow'rd dread Calv'ry turned,
For all, for me.

May I forget to ask,
"More, give to me, of joy,
Of peace or place."
But say, as others grope,
"What may I do, O Lord
To show thy face?"

—O. P. Avery,

6033 Eleanor Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

DUTY—TRUST.

By A. Drahms.

God, is life's duty well performed, the task
Thou gavest me well done? Ah, this the meed
And this the joy above all man-made creed:
To know that I have done what Thou do'st ask!

The sneers of men, the rapier-thrust, the sting
Of the imperious will while spirits shrink
And, trembling, stand upon the crumbling brink
Where Hope lies dead and Faith alone finds wing;
This, this the joy and this the conquerer's prize.

And what is life? To will?—to do?—to gain?
To triumph over might—to conquer pain?

Ah! this were self—and self is but to die.
This nobler far: when hope lies prone in dust
To still live on and in its ashes trust.

CONCERNING THE RECALL OF ANNA LOUISE STRONG OF SEATTLE.

Miss Anna Louise Strong, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Sydney Strong, pastor of Queen Anne Congregational Church, Seattle, was a member of the school board in that city. She came recently into disfavor and a recall was instituted. At the election the 5th of March the vote for recall was 27,263; against 21,815.

A short time before the election a circular letter or leaflet was prepared and sent out by her father, parts of which we are sure will be of interest to many of the readers of *The Pacific*.

The leaflet began with the words, "This is unusual!" But—What would you do, if you were a father and your daughter was charged with disloyalty and other bad things and the charges were being pushed in a campaign of misrepresentation?

And the usual avenues of conveying information were closed to you?

You would do just what I am doing: Try to get into the minds of a few thousand influential citizens a correct view of the situation—expecting the truth to spread through them.

Whether my daughter remains a member of the school board or not, is of little consequence in our house, compared with having the Truth known.

There is not a drop of disloyal blood in her veins—as shown either in her inheritance, or her training or her own activities.

So far as inheritance is concerned, she traces her ancestry on both sides back to men—John Strong and Lieut Thomas Tracy, who came to America in 1630—one settling finally at Northampton, Mass., and the other at Norwich, Conn. Their descendants stood for American freedom and rendered service in 1776 and 1812 and 1860—and all the way from Strongsville, Ohio, to Tracy, Cal., they have been builders.

Only this week three souvenir spoons came to our home; Commemorating the building of the first railroad, and the running of the first engine in America (the engine may be seen in the Smithsonian Institute)—and the civil engineer and manager of this first railway was the great-grandfather of my daughter.

So much for inheritance; which I mention, to show that she has every reason, every impulse, to be loyal to her country.

There is not a drop of disloyal blood in her veins—as shown in her training.

I merely state the facts, when I say that our parsonage in Mt. Vernon, O., or Cincinnati, O., or Oak Park, Ill. was a center of sincere service to the community and the state; and earnest people of all classes, conditions and climes, were welcomed and their causes heard. It was taught that selfishness was the chief disloyalty: and the leading prayer in the parsonage was that the children "might be of use in the world."

There is not a drop of disloyal blood in her veins—as shown by her own activities.

In her two years at Oberlin College, one year at Bryn Mawr, three years at Chicago University, she showed herself a loyal student and also public-spirited.

Since college days, all her activities, nearly, have been in public service—a good part of the time without compensation. Among her first activities in Seattle was to organize a "Know Your City Institute."

She was thereupon invited to Portland and Walla Walla and Spokane to organize "Know Your City" institutes.

While at Spokane she was invited by Dr. Gulick, of the

Russell Sage Foundation, to come to New York. She there took part in the first "Child Welfare Exhibit" in America; then in the second one, in Chicago; and after that was manager of child welfare exhibits in Kansas City, St. Louis, Louisville, Montreal, Providence and Seattle (giving her services free in Seattle), and from Seattle was called by Lady Aberdeen to set up an exhibit in Dublin, which was in progress when the war broke out, August, 1914.

For a year after this she was exhibit expert in the Children's Bureau, U. S. Government, and managed the exhibit of the Bureau at the Exposition.

To show further her spirit of service, let me mention the Co-operative Camps in Mt. Rainier Park, which she managed during the summers of 1916 and 1917, thus seeking to bring the glories of the Mountain to many who could not otherwise enjoy them—a service recently recognized by our government.

There is not a drop of disloyal blood in her veins—as shown by inheritance and training and activities.

Now, all at once, she is found to be disloyal. Mr. Witherspoon and Mr. Thomas have gone out and swept the town and gathered up stray incidents, and charge her with being tied up with the circulation of a "seditious circular." Rumors are set afloat, calling her "anarchist," "I. W. W.," "Socialist," etc.

What the the facts as to the "charges"? What about her connection with the "seditious circular",

Here is the answer:

For two years previous to our entrance upon war a great many excellent people—among them the most conservative—were drawn together because of their interest in Peace movements.

They met occasionally, always in open meeting at a popular down-town restaurant, for a noon-day or evening meal. They were loosely organized, with, generally, a new secretary, a new presiding officer, at each meeting. The frequency of the meetings depended on what was going on in legislation at Olympia or Washington—but they were rarely oftener than once a week.

My daughter attended the meetings at times—although she was out of the city for several months during the two years.

The question of conscription, among other questions, was discussed and the people who met together around the restaurant table became aroused over doing their best to defeat the passage of the proposed conscription law.

My daughter was at a meeting two or three weeks before the draft law passed, which considered several ways—mass meetings, parade, etc.—of arousing public sentiment to act upon Congress—among those ways discussed being the distribution of circulars.

While a committee was being appointed to draft a circular and report back she left the meeting, and was not present at any subsequent meeting, when the committee reported, never knew what was going into the circular—and saw its contents for the first time when published in the newspapers. And this is the way she was tied up with a "seditious circular"!

In the trial arising in connection with this circular (which by the way was distributed before and not after the draft law passed), she was called as a witness by both the prosecution and the defense to give such information as she could regarding the meeting at which the idea of a circular was first proposed. She gave such information as she had in the interests of justice and truth!

Another charge is brought against her that she befriended Miss Olivereaux, "an anarchist."

I shall always be proud of my daughter that she had womanhood enough to be friendly toward an imprisoned sister—whose views she does not share (being as far from

being an anarchist as Mr. Witherspoon himself), whom she had met only a few times and at women's clubs—a woman who was alone in the city and without money.

Another charge is brought: her interest in the I. W. W.

My daughter's attention was first turned in this direction at the time of the Everett tragedy.

I believe we agreed at the breakfast table that the event showed the existence of an industrial and human problem which deserved serious study. Being a student of sociology, she went at the problem with the scientific training that had been gained at the University of Chicago—when she was working for her Ph.D.—and with the same energy with which she climbs Mt. Rainier.

She was asked later to report the I. W. W. trial in a weekly letter to **The New York Evening Post**. She wrote two articles for **The Survey**—the leading sociological periodical of the country.

For her published letters she was brutally criticized in Seattle by the **Town Crier** and similar publications; but I am confident that a few years will prove that her views were right—and the same views are held today by the leading investigators of this industrial problem.

She is not an I. W. W. She is simply an honest mind seeking to know the facts; with the belief that all men are humans and respond to fair treatment.

Her purpose, I know, is to learn the facts and to use her knowledge to bring about a better social and industrial condition for mankind, chiefly by the advocacy of fair treatment.

Her life must be the best answer to the question of her loyalty!

Twice, since our country entered upon war, she has offered her services to two departments of the Government with whose activities she is familiar.

Twice, also, she has recently received acknowledgments from the Government for service rendered; once by a silver medal and once by mention in a Government bulletin.

Regarding her attitude on the war, the best answer I can make is to enclose a poem of hers entitled "My Country's Share," which she dedicated to President Wilson.

There is not a drop of disloyal blood in her veins.

* * * * *

Whether my daughter remains a member of the school board or not, is of little consequence in our house, compared with having the Truth known.

I have written as a father, I admit. **I know I have written the truth.** **SYDNEY STRONG.**

Seattle, February 28, 1918.

MY COUNTRY'S SHARE.

By Anna Louise Strong.

(Dedicated to President Wilson, as an effort to express the ideal he has uttered for my country)

In friendship unfeigned for the nations of men,
And sharing their conflict, their bitterest pain;
Let us hold our hearts firm through the mad whirl of strife,
To bring gifts of healing, of strength and of life.

Past princes and powers of wealth and of birth,
We are hearing the call of the peoples of earth;
For in their hearts and our hearts desires never cease
For a world built on justice and freedom and peace.

We are mixed of all blood, we inherit all past,
All good is our good, we have learned it at last;
We are sheltered in plenty, we have strength for the task
And if we now fail them, of whom shall they ask.

Thrice armed by men's trust, thrice called by men's need,
Let us silence all whispers of hate and of greed,
That our minds may be clear, when the war-flags are furled,
To snatch out of conflict the peace of the world.

JOHN REDMOND—THE IRISH NATIONALIST LEADER.

We quote from our Catholic cotemporary—The Monitor:

"The most pathetic figure in Irish politics has passed in the death of John Redmond, the Nationalist leader. He was of the gentry class and of Anglo-Norman stock. As barrister, orator and distinguished leader of the Irish Party in the British House of Commons for many years Redmond became a world figure in politics.

"In recent years the star of his ascendancy began to wane and the war, followed by the Easter Rising of 1916 in Dublin, completed his eclipse as the leader of the Irish majority. It is doubtful if this former uncrowned King of Ireland could have retained his seat in a re-election.

"For almost twenty-five years Redmond led the fight for Home Rule in Ireland and had just won a measure of liberty for his native land when the great war burst upon Europe and the British Government, after placing Home Rule on the Statute Books, postponed its operation until after the war. Deceived by the vain promises of Asquith and Lloyd George who afterwards broke their pledges, Redmond endeavored to rally Ireland to the defense of democracy which was denied them at home. The Irish people saw the ridiculous inconsistency of the position and the response was feeble to the call of the "recruiting sergeant." They first wanted self-government in their own little isle.

"The rapid rise of the new Sinn Fein Party with which Redmond would have nothing to do, sounded the death-knell of Redmonism. Political compromise and half-way measures were out of date, and the Sinn Feiners, fired with the spirit of democracy and independence, came out for self-government and a full-fledged Irish Republic.

"Deceived by two British Premiers, abandoned by the majority of the Irish people, poor Redmond suffered reverse after reverse during the past few years. He lost his brother, Major William Redmond, who fell at Messines; his son was severely wounded in battle; dozens of his friends deserted him; and finally a new party sprang up which he could not control. He was repudiated by his own, and like a prophet, was not without honor save in his own country.

"It is the old sad story of fame and popularity—that are only as the whispering wind. Today a man is up and applauded; tomorrow he is down and denounced, and dies unwept, unhonored and unsung. John Redmond, was a great and representative Irishman, but somehow the world moved too rapidly for him as it does for men when they grow old, and new ideas and aspirations take the place of old policies that have had their day. The last three years and more of war have produced tremendous changes in the world and especially in Ireland, and the breath of democracy has swept through the soul of Erin and Dark Rosaleen too wants her place in the sun and the freedom that is the birthright of small nations."

Any wilderness whither God sends his beloved is sure to turn out a place of safety and food convenient, if not of flowers. Were it possible for the whole Church or for one single soul to take up its abode in heaven against the divine will, heaven itself would be found thenceforth a stronghold, not of peace, but of unrest. There is no peace outside the peace of God.—Christina Rossetti.

MR. SINK MADE PASTOR EMERITUS AT STOCKTON.

The Stockton Independent for March the 14th contained the following which will be of interest to many of the readers of The Pacific:

At a meeting of the members of the First Congregational Church last evening, by a unanimous vote the title of pastor emeritus was conferred on Rev. Reuben Henry Sink, the pastor of the church for 29 years and who lately asked to be relieved of active duty.

The church refused to accept his resignation and decided to maintain the old bonds by giving him the new title and calling a pastor for the more active duties.

Resolutions were adopted highly complimentary to the beloved pastor. They recite:

Whereas, our pastor, Reuben Henry Sink, has given us nearly 29 years of good and faithful service, during which time we have become a harmonious and united people and have moved into a larger and better building, paying for it and clearing it of debt without the customary campaign for raising the needed funds, and,

Whereas, disease of long standing has impaired the pastor's physical powers to such an extent as to render him unable to perform the social duties essential to the full efficiency of the pastoral office; therefore be it,

Resolved, That Reuben Henry Sink be given the title of pastor emeritus, which title shall be his when he completes the 29th year of his pastorate, June 9, 1918, or as soon thereafter as the church shall have obtained his successor in office.

NOTES ON CHINESE MISSION MATTERS.

Mr. Yong Kay, a Chinese gentleman, converted more than thirty years ago, in our Mission at Oroville, a member now in the Chinese Presbyterian Church in this city, has been for several years greatly interested in, and gratuitously working for, the establishment in this city of a thoroughly furnished Chinese Y. M. C. A.

The long, hard pull seems now to be bringing success. A large lot on Sacramento street, between Stockton and Grant avenue—132½ feet by 132½ feet; in other words, to use the current speech of sixty-five years ago, a whole 50-vara lot—has been purchased for \$13,000 and will be paid for this week.

Mr. Yong showed me a very long list of subscribers, mainly Chinese, yet containing some such names as Mrs. Phoebe H. Hearst and Mrs. Senator Barr, with sums from \$5.00 to \$100 set against the names—a list representing years of patient working and waiting, almost a miracle of self-sacrificing perseverance.

He also informed me that it is proposed to erect upon this lot a building to cost about \$75,000, towards which they have \$4,000 already collected and in bank. If any one feels moved to send to me a subscription in aid of a work so worthy, I will hold it till the work of building has begun, and, only then, ask that it be paid; or if any one should send the cash, I will see it safely deposited and drawing interest up to the time when it will be needed.

The Chinese Y. M. C. A. has already, according to Mr. Yong's statement, 315 members, some of them paying \$2.00 per annum, others \$5.00, which are fair prices for such benefits as the very limited resources and the equally limited space, enables them to provide.

The Chinese brethren in Oakland have been inspired by the fine success of our "March Meetings" in this city, to hold similar meetings there. I attended one of these last Thursday. It was held in the roomy chapel in the Baptist Mission House. There were 150 chairs in the room and all but ten of them were occupied, a larger audience, I judge,

in proportion to the number of Chinese in that city than the 600 in proportion to the 12,000 in this city. The meeting was full of interest. There was a large chorus choir of young Chinese gentlemen and ladies, and when I remarked to the pastors in charge of the meeting that they had not been invited to sign the cards, his reply was: "They are all Christians." The sermon was preached by an M. E. pastor, wretchedly lame in his limbs from long agonies with rheumatism, but powerful still both in thought and speech, sometimes holding his hearers in such silent attention as indicates hearts gripped with the truth, and then coming to a really healthful reaction by convulsing them with laughter—lasting just a moment when the gripping silence would recur. Of course, I could not understand him except as occasionally some English words escaped him, like "Mother, home and heaven," which he declared to be the sweetest words ever uttered.

We have the good news of seven conversions in our Mission in Sacramento. This Mission is conducted entirely by Christian Chinese. There is no responsible American Teacher. And it is admirably conducted, both as a school and with reference to that which is our sole end in view and our sole success—the leading of souls out of darkness into light and from bondage to Satan into the freedom of the children of God.

W. C. P.

SAN DIEGO.

The U. S. Grant Hotel grill room has been thrown open to the various church denominations to hold therein divine services each Sunday morning, beginning at 9:45, and continuing three-quarters of an hour.

On the morning of the 10th, Rev. W. S. Thorp, pastor of the First Congregational Church, with his organist and choir, conducted the first of the series. About 40 hotel guests were present, among them were several officers and soldiers. It is expected these will be very popular services for tourists and army men, 400 of whom were registered as guests of the hotel last Sunday.

Major General Strong is on the fighting line against social evils and unless the city authorities continue to suppress them to the extent of their power, he will probably refuse permits to visit the city, as did the general commanding Ft. Lewis cut out Seattle.

All denominational pride and selfishness are extinct in the union ministerial and church work. Co-operation for God and humanity is the slogan.

W. A. WATERMAN.

A TOAST TO THE FLAG.

Here's to the Red of it—
There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Faced steel and lead for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it Red.

Here's to the White of it—
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it,
But feels the might of it
Through day and night;
Womanhood's care for it
Made manhood dare for it;
Purity's prayer for it
Keeps it so White.

Here's to the Blue of it—

Heavenly view of it,
Star-spangled hue of it,
Honesty's due of it,
Constant and true.

Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, stripes, and pole of it.

Here's to the soul of it—
Red, White and Blue.

—John J. Daly.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

At the prayer-meeting March 13 a larger number than usual were in attendance. The last chapter in Harry Emerson Fosdick's stimulating book, "The Challenge of the Present Crisis," was impressively read by Mrs. Barbour. Some of the leading thoughts were the need of spiritual growth to match material acquisitions; the necessity of a federated church to meet the gigantic task and the abysmal need of the hour; the tragedy of the misrepresentation of Christ and the belittling of religion, not by irreligious men, but by the devotees of religion, the religious men who belittle religion into technicalities and reduce the service of the living God from ethics to etiquette. "The cause of missions has too often been presented in its significance for individuals alone; it has been pictured only as the snatching of souls one by one from ruin. But this crisis in the world's life challenges us to balance our view of missions with a more social concept of their meaning. The missionary enterprise is the Christian campaign for international good will. At its very heart is the impulse to share our finest. . . . A ministry of mutual interpretation and reconciliation (between nations) is committed to the churches."

Mrs. Evans gave an interesting report of her recent visit to the Oregon and Washington Branches; speaking in detail of the good work done by the various officers whom she carefully mentioned by name that the Board might become familiar with the personnel of the Branches.

An announcement by Rev. G. W. Hinman upon his return from the Arizona Conference was welcomed with thanksgiving by all who heard it. The women of the Conference of Arizona have organized a Branch of the W. B. M. P. and are planning to take part in its work. Further details are awaited with great interest.

More Gifts for the Doshisha.

Mention was made in last week's column of the generous gifts of Eastern friends to the Doshisha. As Miss Denton traveled toward the Pacific Coast, more gifts, and gifts of wonderful value and character awaited her. The West is presenting her, not only with gifts of gold, but gifts of girls. With whole-hearted enthusiasm parents are offering their accomplished daughters, that these young women may share with the daughters of Japan the rare things which have enriched their own lives, gained from an education in a Christian environment.

With the same loyalty and unselfishness that is prompting fathers and mothers to sacrifice their sons that humanity may be blessed, they are now giving up their daughters for the same end. For the same end—but with what dif-

ferent means! In place of roaring guns and shrieking shells, cruel bayonets and deadly gas, which are forced into the hands of their sons, they are giving into their daughters' keeping the surgeon's saving scalpel, the nurse's soothing charm, the instrument of music, the Book of books. Agonized humanity today has but the one cry to men and women alike—"Give your life!" To many a man the answered appeal means the surrendering of that life—to every woman the summons comes with challenging directness—"Live your life—abundantly, devotedly, unselfishly."

Miss Hilda MacClintock of Chicago is the only one of the three highly cultured and devoted young women offered to the Doshisha, who will be prepared to sail with Miss Denton on the first of April. The entire expense of her journey and salary has been assumed by her family and friends. The University of Chicago is her Alma Mater in a very dear and intimate sense, for her mother and father are both members of the faculty. Her record of scholarship is high, and Miss Denton welcomes her with joy as instructor and companion for the impressionable girl students of the Doshisha.

Farewell Reception to Miss Denton and Miss MacClintock at the Hotel Fairmont.

Miss Denton has friends all over the world. This will seem an amazing possibility to many who harbour in their minds the antiquated belief that one who devotes her life to foreign missions effectually shuts herself off from contact with the rest of the world. But with Miss Denton it is a case of Mahomet and the mountain. The Doshisha is one of the interesting "show" places to the general tourist, quite as much as it is the peculiar point of interest in Kyoto to the informed traveler who is familiar with its fascinating history and wonderful influence. Few of the visitors who enter its gates come away without a grateful remembrance of the kindly courtesy or gracious hospitality or helpful ministry of Miss Mary Florence Denton, who for many years has been a devoted member of the faculty. An opportunity to meet her again is always gladly welcomed. Members of the W. B. M. P. and all friends of Miss Denton near to San Francisco will be pleased alike to learn that a reception in her honor will be given Thursday afternoon, March 28, at three o'clock at the Hotel Fairmont. A cordial invitation is extended to Congregational men and women and to all other friends of Miss Denton, who would be happy to meet her before she sails for Japan a few days later. Miss Denton will speak on the "Influence of the Doshisha upon the Intellectual and Religious Life of Japan."

Miss Hilda MacClintock, the young lady who will accompany Miss Denton to Japan to become a member of the Doshisha faculty, will share the honors of the occasion; and we trust that she will remember as friends all those who will have the pleasure of greeting her for the first time at the reception. Miss MacClintock is expected to arrive from her home in Chicago on the twenty-seventh.

For The Children.

POLLY PUTOFF.

Her real name was Polly Putnam, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off everything as long as she possibly could.

"Oh! you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say. "You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on." And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. She thought a music box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the school-house she saw the girls playing, and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was addressed to a man in the next town. "Oh, it hasn't got far to go, I will post it after school."

After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother, when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting the letter, he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It nearly lost her the old name.—Christian Uplook.

ROBERT'S CHANGE OF MIND.

"I wish such a thing as a word had never been thought of—never!" impulsively exclaimed Robert Wheeler, as he pushed back his chair from the study-table in his Uncle Richard's comfortably furnished library. "Words aren't interesting like geography and history, and I don't see why a person has to learn to spell them. It takes lots of time—for nothing."

Dr. Richard Fulton, Robert's uncle, entered the room just as his nephew was speaking.

"What's that, Robert," he asked, smiling indulgently at the boy's serious face. "Words are not—"

"Not—interesting, Uncle Richard," interrupted Robert, as he closed the Glencoe notebook, which contained the next day's list of words for the class to spell. "That's what I was saying."

"Words not—interesting?" and Dr. Fulton reached for the notebook in his nephew's hand. "Why, words are among the most curious and fascinating things we study."

"Just plain—words?" and there was an incredulous expression on Robert Wheeler's face.

"Certainly."

"You don't mean words like those Mr. Thompson gave us for tomorrow's lesson!" pressed Robert, unconvinced by his uncle's assertion.

"I do," and Dr. Fulton smiled with quiet assurance. "Nearly every one has some interesting story to tell if we but realize it."

"Well, I—I never knew that—before," returned Robert.

"Suppose we look over Mr. Thompson's list," and Dr. Fulton opened the notebook to the page that Robert had been studying.

"All right," and Robert moved his chair nearer his uncle's.

"Here's the first—'umbrella,'" remarked Dr. Fulton, having rapidly glanced over the column of words before him.

"There's nothing interesting in—that!" declared Robert, in an "I-told-you-so" tone.

"No?"

Robert looked a bit doubtful after his uncle spoke, owing to the peculiar inflection of his voice.

"An umbrella," explained Uncle Richard, "is nothing more nor less than a little cloud. You look up 'umbrella' in the dictionary and you will find it comes from a Latin word, 'umbra,' meaning 'a cloud.' So as I said an umbrella is a small, or a little, cloud.

"Let's see what the next word is."

"Tantalize," declared Robert, who but a short time before had struggled to learn to spell it.

"Yes; and that word comes from the name of an old mythological character who committed a serious crime and as a punishment for his wrongdoing was compelled to undergo perpetual hunger and thirst. Do you remember the story?"

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, quickly, "Tantalus, the man you refer to, had constantly suspended before him a cluster of cherries, and whenever he reached to eat them, they were immediately withdrawn. And there was always water near him, and when he attempted to drink, the water receded. I—I see it—now; but I never knew before what 'tantalize' came from, and that it had such an odd history. That is interesting."

"The third word," continued Dr. Fulton, consulting the notebook, "is 'crutch.' That comes from another Latin word, 'crux,' meaning 'a cross.'"

"Oh, I understand!" exclaimed Robert, eagerly, "A crutch is really a kind of a cross; called so, I suppose, because of the way it's made."

"That's it," agreed Uncle Richard.

"The next word is 'palace,'" said Robert, running down the list.

"And that derives its name," explained Dr. Fulton, "from Palatine, one of the seven hills of Rome. Here was situated the home of the Caesars—hence the term 'palace.'"

"I—I guess I agree with you now, Uncle Richard," acknowledged Robert, enthusiastically. "Words certainly are, just as you said, full of interest. Let's take another."

Dr. Fulton hurriedly glanced at his watch.

"Very well; I think I have time. The next word Mr. Thompson gave you is 'dahlia.' This word—the name of a flower with which everybody is familiar—is derived from the surname of a noted Swedish botanist, a Mr. Dahl."

"Really?"

"Yes," returned Dr. Fulton.

"Now just one more!" pressed Robert. "It's a small one—the next word after 'dahlia'—'jot.'"

"'Jot' is merely another form of the Greek word 'iota,' which is equivalent in the Greek alphabet to our letter i," and Dr. Fulton reluctantly arose from his chair by the table. "'Not a jot,' you see—an expression which we very often use—means 'not so much as an i's worth of anything.' This, of course, would be an exceedingly small amount."

"I see."

Dr. Fulton laid his nephew's notebook back on the table.

"I wish you had time to explain the rest," added Robert. "There's 'hector,' and 'Bedlam,'—that must be an interesting one,—and 'news,' and 'handkerchief,' and"—

"Suppose you look them up," suggested Dr. Fulton, "and find out what you can about them that's curious and instructive, and then we'll discuss them when I have a little more time."

"Surely I will," replied Robert. "I tell you, Uncle

Richard, I'll never be so foolish as to say again that words aren't interesting. Why, they're"—

"As interesting as history or geography?" interrupted Dr. Fulton, playfully.

"More so!" was Robert's enthusiastic response.—A. F. Caldwell, in Christian Register.

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